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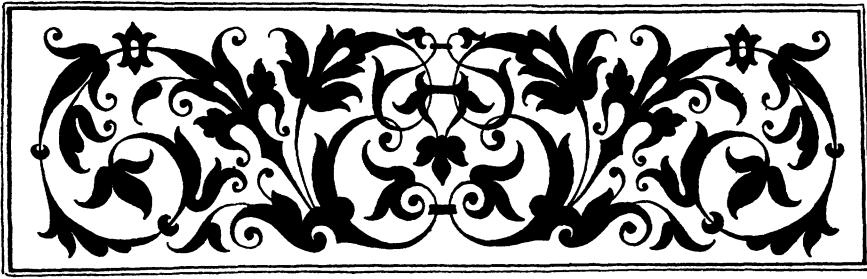
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FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

SHOULD you like to know that each month when the *BULLETIN* comes to your home you would find in it one story written especially for you? That is what we are planning for this winter, a page for the boys and girls. This month the story—Userneter in Egypt—carries us back to Egypt 4,500 years ago, to the time when the pyramids were built for the kings and the mastaba tombs of the nobles clustered around them. It tells in story form about our big Egyptian tomb built for Perneb 2,650 years before Christ. This was taken down stone by stone in Egypt, carefully packed, sent across the desert on the backs of camels or on small cars drawn by men, loaded on an ocean liner, and set up in our Museum just as it stood on the sands of Egypt. I hope most of you have seen this already, but why not come over to the Museum and see it again after you have read the story?

WITH USERNETER IN EGYPT

IT was a hot night in September. That day we had gone to the Museum with our teacher to see a large tomb built for an Egyptian nobleman, Perneb, who lived 4,500 years ago. I lay thinking it all over, and wondering about the real Perneb and his two sons, Userneter and Shepsesre. I wished I might know more about them.

All of a sudden some one grasped my hand impetuously and said something to me in a language I could not understand. To my surprise I found myself running through a field of wheat toward a rugged slope of desert sand rising beyond the fields, golden

yellow in the blinding glare of a desert sun, while my eager little escort talked without stopping for me to reply.

Looking round my unfamiliar surroundings, I saw behind me a town gleaming in the sunlight, and farther toward the east a broad stream, and ahead of me a hillside dotted at intervals, for miles and miles, with huge pyramids built of mammoth blocks of stone, and, clustered round each, smaller buildings, flat on top, as if they had started to be pyramids but had stopped half-way. I knew now; the river was the Nile, the city Memphis, the great pyramids were the tombs of the Egyptian kings and the flat-roofed buildings near them the mastaba tombs of the nobles who had served those kings. I was on my way to Perneb's tomb in the cemetery of Sakkara.

My companion must be Perneb's grandson, Userneter, the son of Shepsesre, Perneb's younger son. He was nude except for a girdle round his waist, this boy of perhaps eight years, with a dark brown skin that seemed burned by the hot sun, an active little body, and an animated face in which the brown eyes sparkled with excitement. Pointing ahead, he drew my attention to a man of strong, muscular build, and dignified, grave face, his father, Shepsesre, who was waiting for us, standing beside the litter—a sort of chair carried on the shoulders of servants—in which he had been borne across the fields and up the slope. He was dressed in one garment, a kilt of white linen extending from his waist to his knees, and standing out stiffly in front as if starched. Around his shoulders was a broad bead collar, and on his head a wig that covered his ears and fell down on his shoulders. Sandals were on his feet.